

*Lawyer.* Unless my Studie and my Bookes be false,  
The argument you held, was wrong in you;  
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.  
*York.* Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument?  
*Som.* Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that  
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.  
*York.* Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:  
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing  
The truth on our ſide.  
*Som.* No *Plantagenet*:  
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes  
Blush for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roses,  
And yet thy tongue will not confeſſe thy error.  
*York.* Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerſet*?  
*Som.* Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?  
*York.* I, ſharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,  
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eates his falſhood.  
*Som.* Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,  
That ſhall maintaine what I haue ſaid is true,  
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſcene.  
*York.* Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,  
I ſcorne thee and thy faſhion, peeuiſh Boy.  
*Suff.* Turne not thy ſcornes this way, *Plantagenet*.  
*York.* Prowd *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and  
thee.

*Suff.* Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.  
*Som.* Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,  
We grace the Yeoman, by conuerſing with him.  
*Warw.* Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:  
His Grandfather was *Lionel* Duke of Clarence,  
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:  
Spring Cretleſſe Yeomen from ſo deepe a Root?  
*York.* He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,  
Or durſt not for his crauen heart ſay thus.  
*Som.* By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words  
On any Plot of Ground in Chriſtendome:  
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,  
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?  
And by his Treason, ſtand'ſt not thou attained,  
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?  
His Treſpas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,  
And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.  
*York.* My Father was attached, not attained,  
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;  
And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerſet*,  
Were growing time once ripened to my will.  
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your ſelfe,  
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,  
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:  
Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.  
*Som.* Ah, thou ſhalt finde vs ready for thee ſtill:  
And know vs by theſe Colours for thy Foes,  
For theſe, my friends in ſight of thee ſhall weare.  
*York.* And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,  
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hat,  
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,  
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,  
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.  
*Suff.* Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:  
And ſo far well, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*  
*Som.* Haue with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Richard*.  
*York.* How I am brau'd, and muſt perforce endure  
it?  
*Warw.* This hee, that they object againſt your Houſe,  
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament.

Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter*:  
And if thou be not then created *York*,  
I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.  
Meane time, in ſignall of my loue to thee,  
Againſt proud *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,  
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Roſe.  
And here I propheticke: this brawle to day,  
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,  
Shall ſend betweene the Red-Roſe and the White,  
A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.  
*York.* Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,  
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.  
*Ver.* In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame.  
*Lawyer.* And ſo will I.  
*York.* Thankes gentle.  
Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare ſay,  
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chaire,  
and Taylors.*

*Mort.* Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,  
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.  
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,  
So fare my Limbes with long In priſonment:  
And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuiuants of death,  
*Nefor*-like aged, in an Age of Care,  
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.  
Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,  
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.  
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,  
And pyth-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,  
That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground,  
Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numme,  
(Vnable to ſupport this Lumpe of Clay)  
Swift-winged with deſire to get a Graue,  
As witting I no other comfort haue.  
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?  
*Keeper.* *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:  
We ſent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,  
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.  
*Mort.* Enough: my Soule ſhall then be ſatisfied.  
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.  
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,  
Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,  
This loathſome ſequeſtration haue I had;  
And euen ſince then, hath *Richard* bene obſcur'd,  
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.  
But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,  
Juſt Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,  
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence:  
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
That fo he might recouer what was loſt.

*Enter Richard.*

*Keeper.* My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.  
*Mort.* *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?  
*Rich.* I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,  
Your Nephew, late deſpis'd *Richard*, comes.  
*Mort.* Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,  
And in his Boſome ſpend my latter gaspe.  
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,  
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kiſſe.  
And now deſcend ſweet Stem from *Yorke*'s great Stock,  
Why didſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?

*Rich.* Firſt

*Rich.* Firſt, leane thine aged Back againſt mine Arme,  
And in that caſe, Ile tell thee my Diſeaſe.  
This day in argument vpon a Caſe,  
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:  
Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauiſh tongue,  
And did vpbraid me with my Fathers death;  
Which obloquie ſet barres before my tongue,  
Elſe with the like I had requited him.  
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers ſake,  
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,  
And for Alliance ſake, declare the cauſe  
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loſt his Head.  
*Mort.* That cauſe (ſaire Nephew) that imprizon'd me,  
And hath detain'd me all my flowing Youth,  
Within a loathſome Dungeon, there to pyne,  
Was curſed Inſtrument of his deſeaſe.  
*Rich.* Diſcouer more at large what cauſe that was,  
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſſe.  
*Mort.* I will, if that my fading breath permit,  
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.  
*Henry* the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,  
Depoſ'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edward*'s Sonne,  
The firſt begotten, and the lawfull Heire  
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Deſcent.  
During whoſe Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,  
Finding his Vſurpation moſt vniuſt,  
Endeuor'd my aduancement to the Throne.  
The reaſon mou'd theſe Warlike Lords to this,  
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,  
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)  
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:  
For by my Mother, I deriu'd am  
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne  
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,  
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,  
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.  
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,  
They labour'd, to plant the rightfull Heire,  
I loſt my Libertie, and they their Liues.  
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth  
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;  
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd  
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *Yorke*,  
Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;  
Again, in pittie of my hard diſtreſſe,  
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,  
And haue install'd me in the Diademe:  
But as the reſt, ſo fell that Noble Earle,  
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,  
In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.  
*Rich.* Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laſt.  
*Mort.* True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue haue,  
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:  
Thou art my Heire; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:  
But yet be wary in thy Audious care.  
*Rich.* Thy graue admoniſhments preuayle with me:  
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution  
Was nothing leſſe then bloody Tyranny.  
*Mort.* With ſilence, Nephew, be thou polittick,  
Strong fix'd is the Houſe of *Lancaster*,  
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.  
But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,  
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a ſetled place.  
*Rich.* O Vnckle, would ſome part of my young yeeres  
Might but redeeme the paſſage of your Age.

*Mort.* Thou doſt  
Which giueth me  
Mourne not, exce  
Onely giue order  
And ſo farewell,  
And proſperous  
*Rich.* And Pe  
In Priſon haſt th  
And like a Herm  
Well, I will lock  
And what I doe  
Keepers conuey  
Will ſee his Bury  
Here dyes the du  
Choakt with An  
And for thoſe W  
Which *Somerſet*  
I doubt not, but  
And therefore ha  
Eyther to be reſ  
Or make my will

*Actus T*

*Flouriſh.* *Enter*  
*Somerſet*, *Suff*,  
to put up a  
*Winch.* Com  
With written Pa  
*Humfrey* of Glo  
Or ought intend  
Doe it without  
As I with ſudden  
Purpoſe to anſw  
*Glo.* Preſumptue  
Or thou ſhould  
Thinke not, alth  
The manner of f  
That therefore I  
*Verbatim* to re  
No Prelate, ſuch  
Thy lewd, peſtif  
As very Infantes  
Thou art a moſt  
Froward by nat  
Laſciuous, wan  
A man of thy Pa  
And for thy Tre  
In that thou lay  
As well at Lond  
Beſide, I feare m  
The King, thy S  
From enuious m  
*Winch.* *Gloſter*,  
To giue me hear  
If I were couet  
As he will haue  
Or how haps it  
Or rayſe my ſelf  
And for Diſſent  
More then I doe  
No, my good L  
It is not that, th  
It is becauſe no  
No one, but hee  
And that engen